

SING, SING, WHICH SONG SHALL THEY SING?

How Can I Serve My Country Best?

How can I serve my native land?
Is it by taking sword in hand,
Our bound'ry line help to extend,
No matter whom we may offend?
'Tis not the sword that you should use
To serve your native land;
By industry, with love and truth,
The nation firm will stand.

My native country to be befriend
Must I my time and treasure spend?
My country's welfare to promote,
Must I teach people how to vote?
'Tis not by worldly care nor pride
You serve your country best;
Keep truth and honor by your side,
And leave to God the rest.

How can I serve my countrymen?
By my example, word or pen,
Should I not teach them all to try
To act with truth and honesty?
To serve the Lord and do His will
Is highest work for man;
His truth in every heart instill
By every means you can.



On either side of the picture is a patriotic song. Both are sung in the public schools, but each represents a different type of patriotism. Young children, such as

shown in the picture, are impressionable. Which song will give them the better idea of patriotism? Which song would you choose for your own child?

The Red, White and Blue.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm;
With garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The star spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

WAR STORIES OF HUMAN INTEREST

Phases of Europe's Great Experience as Dealt with by French and German Authors—A Series of Sketches Translated, with Introductory Comment by William L. McPherson.

NO. 11.

THE LAST FLIGHT.

stood for a while motionless, stiff and forbidding, and then disappeared. When he awoke he was breathless and his temples felt moist and slimy, as if his head had emerged from the waters of some gloomy, stagnant lake.

At that time, even though he had not fully recovered, his impatience drove him back to the front—in order to be there, where every one was expected to do his uttermost, but also in the hope of escaping those horrible dreams. For at the first, he recalled clearly, in the few hours on which he was off duty, he fell at once into a deep, dreamless sleep. It mattered not whether he threw himself, half undressed or not undressed at all, into his easy chair, rolled himself in his sleeping sack or dropped off dozing just as he stood in the open field.

And what elastic energy pulsed through his body! An unshadowed self-confidence possessed him. His eye was as keen as a falcon's. He flew through the bullet-slashed air with an intoxicating sense of sureness which he himself often wondered at. The death-bringing shrapnel clouds, which stood out white against the blue and so often flanked his course, seemed to him as picturesque and harmless as blooming apple trees along a country road.

And now once more these hallucinations! This breakdown of his nerves! He must overcome it—at any cost. This evening he would take a dose of bromo. But perhaps it would be sufficient if he once again tired himself to the point of exhaustion.

To-day more was to be done than simply to locate hostile batteries or observe the artillery fire of his own side. Lieutenant von Steffek and he had received yesterday evening orders from division headquarters to investigate some movements of hostile troops which had already been noticed by patrols, but had been covered by violent artillery demonstrations.

The task was imperative. The German positions were here well advanced, forming a wedge driven into the French line. The village of C. had been stormed. From day to day a counter attack was awaited from the enemy, which had fought here with extraordinary tenacity. Most of the trenches could be stormed only after they had been bombarded by mine throwers or with hand grenades. But the attacking troops were also extremely exhausted and scarcely in a condition to resist an offensive directed at their partially consolidated positions.

With a start Lieutenant Wegehaupt threw the covers back and sprang out of bed. He did not feel particularly fresh after a night. But it would be better to run around a little bit than to lie awake and struggle against gloomy thoughts.

"You don't look particularly blooming, Nazi," he said. While making his toilet he looked at himself in the three-cornered mirror and made a grimace at his image in the glass. Before the war he was thin as a hound, but never like this. Above all, there was an accursed twitching under his right eyelid—something he had not noticed before.

Perhaps it was just as well that von Steffek was to steer the apparatus to-day. He, himself, being better acquainted with the region, was to take the maps and make the observations. Steffek was not a particularly safe pilot, but was a man of enviable robustness of soul.

Day before yesterday he had arrived from general headquarters with a new L. B. G. double-decker.

Lieutenant Wegehaupt dressed himself, took his maps, camera and rifle and walked out of the house. It was a little house at the end of the village, near the hangar where the aeroplane was.

The night was cold. In the sky stood the silver sickle of the moon, now bright, now overcast by clouds. Lieutenant Wegehaupt sniffed the air. There was a fairly strong southwest breeze. They would have the wind against them in the first part of their flight.

He lighted a cigarette and walked slowly down the village street. The ground was half-frozen and the thin ice crusts cracked under his feet. That was good; on frozen ground they could make an easy start.

The hangar came into view. The sentinel, enveloped in his cloak, stepped forward and Lieutenant Wegehaupt advanced to meet him.

The hangar was already illuminated. The double-decker, broad and dependable-looking, stood in the glaring light of an acetylene lantern. The two mechanics who had come with

von Steffek and who had slept in the hangar rummaged in the tool chests. The water for the tanks was already warmed.

Lieutenant von Steffek was not there. Wegehaupt began to test the resiliency of the frame and ordered the oil and benzine reservoirs filled. Then he had the doors of the shed opened. The sky and earth outside were nothing but an indistinguishable black background. A light flared up and suddenly a far-off rocket burst in the air—signalling devices of the enemy.

Lieutenant Wegehaupt ordered the apparatus pushed out. In half an hour it would be light enough for flying. He leaned against the machine and waited. Again gloomy thoughts assailed him.

For how many of his dear comrades had such a small, almost elegant, pilot's cab become a boat of Charon to carry them into eternity!

Back home the elderly people had spoken of the effeminacy of the younger generation, of its incapacity to arouse itself to the highest and

most difficult tasks. But in this war what was demanded of the young! What was being undergone by them in a spirit of absolute self-dependence! Deprivations, fatigues, nerve tensions, will strains such as never before were demanded in equal measure—not from the Roman legions or from the fathers in the last war.

Back home they were still singing the heroic death of Arnold Winkelried. In our army there were many, many Winkelrieds who, in order to open a way for our troops, had volunteered to sacrifice themselves. He thought of the youthful regiments which went singing into the jaws of death, of the ships' crews which went down into the depths with a "Hoch der Kaiser" on their lips.

It was now almost light, and von Steffek had not yet arrived. Wegehaupt deliberated whether he should not send the mechanics for him. Then he heard steps coming across the field and the sound of laughter. It was von Steffek with the brigade adjutant.

They shook hands. Steffek was as pleased as if he were going out for a promenade. "Is there any news?" Wegehaupt asked the adjutant.

"On the outmost trenches, lying along the road between the villages of B. and La R., an attack was made to-night by the enemy, but it was repulsed."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing."

Wegehaupt exchanged a glance with Steffek. "Well, then, shall we start?"

They went at it quickly. Together they made fast the pear-shaped bombs. Wegehaupt spread the maps on the map frame and stowed the carbine and the flyer's arrows.

Then they put on their leather helmets and took their seats. Steffek pulled the protective spectacles over his eyes and tested the rudder. Wegehaupt, who knew that he would often have to use the marker which, suspended by a short leather thong, he wore at his breast, used only a monocle covering for the left eye.

A last handshake with the adjutant. "Good luck and a safe return!"

One of the mechanists set the propeller in motion. A thundering disturbance arose in the steel cylinder. Red tongues of flame shot out of the escape pipes and a trembling ran through the body and wings of the machine.

The sentinel and the second mechanist held on to the apparatus and gave it direction. Their cloaks and coats puffed out as in a windstorm. Steffek raised his hands: "Off!"

The double-decker ran a short distance over the field, hopped once or twice a few yards and then lifted itself from the earth.

Steffek pointed up and up, and now field, men and trees were left behind. Beneath, far back, the adjutant waved a white handkerchief and then disappeared from view.

Wegehaupt listened for a long time intently, with bowed head, to the play of the motor. Life and success, everything, hung on that. Then he nodded reassuringly to Steffek. Their gallant Mercedes would not leave them in the lurch.

The machine had risen slowly to 300 metres. Steffek made a slight curve and got his bearings—west-southward.

Wegehaupt looked down. The grayness of dawn still lay on the earth, but in spite of that he could recognize the landscape pretty well. He could distinguish clearly the lighter roads which ran through the violet-grayish fields.

Three German infantry companies were pushing forward under him. A little further

back was the head of a supply train. To the left behind him the sky was getting brighter. The sun had come.

He looked around him. The sun's brilliant circle rose slowly above the horizon. Lights played along the steel cylinders of the motor. The earth beneath was sinking into shadow. For some moments he saw nothing but the shimmering sheaf of rays hovering over the grayish earth surface. It was a picture of magical beauty.

Now the landscape appears again—roads and fields. He looked at his watch. They had been already a quarter of an hour under way; soon they must reach the village of C. He glanced ahead. There it was, coming nearer and nearer. For two or three minutes it lay beneath him, with ruined streets and empty marketplace. Then it vanished to the rear.

The nearer they got to the dividing line between friend and foe the fewer German troops were to be seen. The positions were cleverly concealed. The pioneers must have worked marvellously the night before. His trained eye, reinforced by an exceptional sense of location, recognized, in spite of the thinness of the outlines, every detail of the country, every alteration in the military dispositions, every alteration in the military dispositions.

Now came a dark-yellowish oak wood. Wegehaupt took his marker and peeped under. Two hundred metres from the edge of the wood he recognized little groups of crawling men—machine gun detachments which were getting into their positions. The place seemed well selected, since it commanded the country for a considerable distance. Against that position certainly no French offensive would succeed!

Wegehaupt wondered why they had attracted no hostile fire. The sky was somewhat clouded and the double-decker carried a motor muffler; yet if the enemy looked sharp he must already have detected them.

The altitude recorder showed 600 metres. To cruise at that moderate height over hostile country without some special necessity was foolhardiness. Wegehaupt turned to Steffek and called: "Higher!"

Steffek understood and nodded. Slowly the indicator rose.

The wind changed toward the north and became stronger. Wegehaupt glanced at the pathfinder compass at his left. They had to tack almost 20 degrees out of the compass course in order to neutralize the force of the wind.

The clouds ahead of them began to scatter. In some places the deep blue of the heaven shone through. They were now about 1,800 metres high.

Suddenly he saw, through one of the blue spaces, a monoplane circling far away. It must be a French machine. Wegehaupt took up the field glasses. Yes; it was a Daperdus-sin. There to the west the sky seemed to be clearer, for the pilot signalled to the command below with a series of smoke discharges. The monoplane was again hidden behind a cloud. Almost at the same moment something rattled beneath them. It was infantry fire. Some bullets whistled about their ears.

Wegehaupt turned to Steffek.

"It's begun," he said.

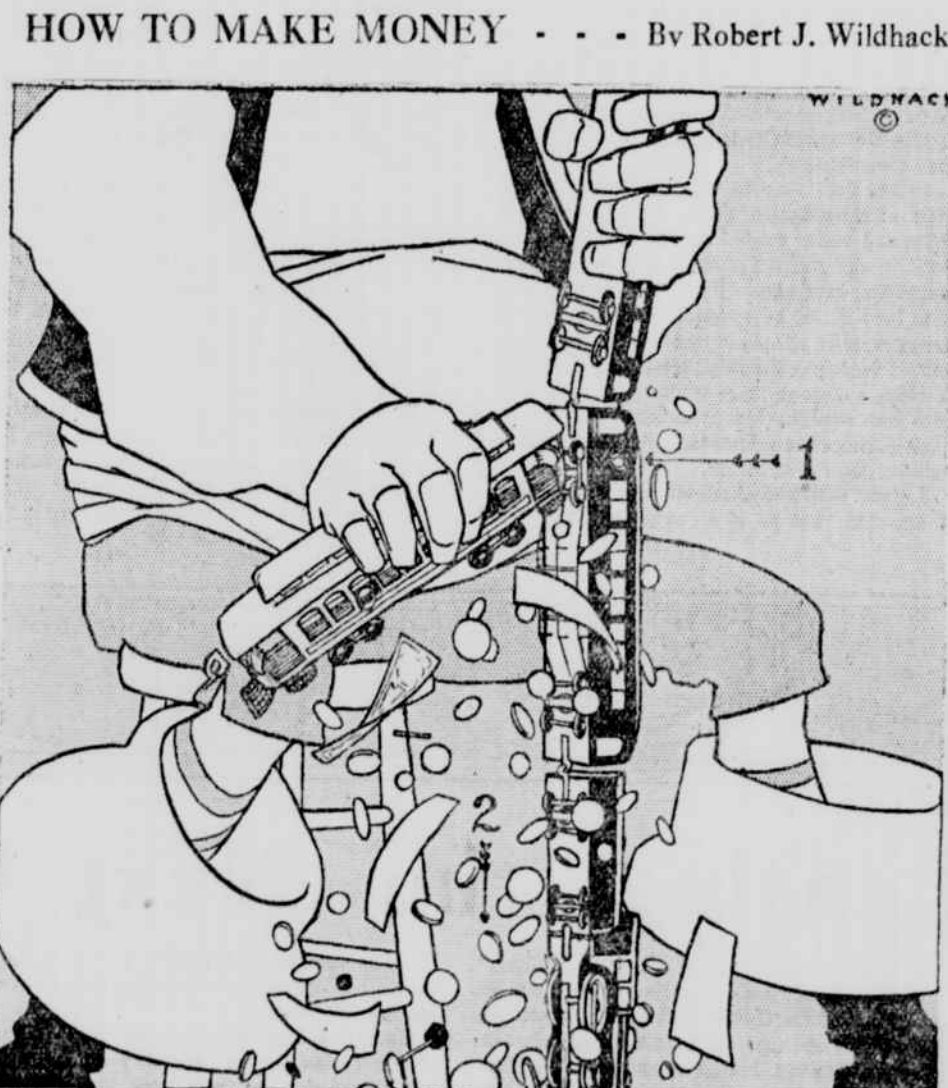
Above the earth a series of white powder clouds floated, slowly dissolving. Steffek steered upward. They must get out of the range of those crazy infantry bullets.

Now, to make matters worse, a machine gun began to rattle. Ping! Ping! One of the steel rods snapped. The lower left plane also showed a hit.

Praise be to God! Things still went well. No other bullets reached them. They had passed the first line of the enemy's intrenchments. Wegehaupt had noted their position and compared it with the photographs and the tracing on the maps.

A whitish cloud passed under them and concealed them from the enemy. But it put a stop to Wegehaupt's observations.

Continued on page seven.



VI—STOCK JUGGLING.

Wouldst be one of millionairessdom's Mister Hydes and Doctor Jekyls?
Borrow, beg or steal a railroad, and a streetcar line, to boot;
Next, you shake 'em down, and shuck 'em, till they shed their shining shekels,
Slip the leavings to your lawyers, and retire to spend your loot.

1—Railroad.
2—Money.